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WHOLE NO. 2333

Poetry.

The Baby.

The following extract from Dr. Holland's poem of "Bitter Sweet." Its simplicity, and its graceful, natural air, touches the heart at once:

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt,
Unwritten history!
Unfathomable mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were full of kinks,
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
One little nephew will lose two years;
Where the summers go—
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!
Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and walling, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown seas,
Tossing in pitiful agony,
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Berks that were launched on the other side,
And alighted from Heaven on an ebbing tide.
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast—
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face,
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! Down he goes!
See! He is hushed in sweet repose!

"Let Those Laugh Who Win."

It will be recollected that when President Lincoln's Proclamation, requiring the rebels to throw down their arms and renew allegiance to the Constitutional authorities, and calling for 75,000 men to assist the Government in the execution of the laws, Jeff. Davis and his pirate Cabinet were moved to boisterous laughter. They thought this official action of Mr. Lincoln a prime joke. They are beginning to see, however, that theirs was gratuitous exultation. Pirate Jeff. has indistinct visions of another kind of contention of features than that produced by laughing. The wisdom of the old saw we have above quoted is forcing itself upon rebel observation.

In no instance since this causeless, wicked rebellion took on tangible form have the traitors shown that sagacity and intrepidity with which a party, however powerful, can only hope to succeed. After months of constant and unresisted preparation, seven or eight thousand rebel troops, well provided with material of war, ventured to attack a besieged and starving garrison of seventy Federal troops. What was there daring or sagacious in the reduction of Sumter? And what was there gained by the conquest? The holding of it by the Government had come to be entirely a question of honor. It had ceased to be a point of value to the United States. So that in their blind fury, the rebel mob struck a blow which could not possibly do them any good or the Government any harm, while the effect was to unite nineteen millions of people against them, who, taking the Federal Government into their hands, as an instrument of destruction, are about to wipe them out. A wise General would have directed that Sumter stand unharmed, and that its garrison, as usual, be supplied with provisions, &c. Had this course been adopted, the North would have slumbered on and Washington might possibly have been the rebel headquarters this day.

When Sumter fell the secession mob could scarcely be restrained from pouncing at once upon Pickens—which stood equally with Sumter, a menace and insult to Southern independence—and wiping it from the face of Southern soil. But Southern treason halted, and meanwhile, before its tremendous leaders could realize what was going on, the fort was heavily reinforced; and at this very hour, the chagrined rebel Bragg and his ragamuffin horde

stand on the barren sand banks of Pensacola, disappointed, half-fed and demoralized spectators of the Federal operations on Santa Rosa Island, facing without any means of helping themselves, the grim monsters of death frowning on them from the battlements and embrasures of Pickens. "Too late!" is their mental exclamation. Three thousand lives must be sacrificed in reducing this stronghold, the thwarted Bragg estimates and then abandons all thoughts of a present seige.

What is Bragg to do? To keep a force of ten thousand men at Pensacola to watch a thousand behind the walls of Pickens is a sad waste of strength. And yet to withdraw them and send them Northward to operate at Memphis or Richmond would be to surrender a foot-hold to the Government, to be readily converted into a basis of active operations against the rebel rear. Bragg is in a bad fix, and it would seem that the recent visit of the rebel chief to that post has not contributed in any way to relieve him. The fact is, Davis himself is a poor adviser. For him and Bragg to consult together is a clubbing of unwise and impotent counsels. The result probably will be that the greater part of Bragg's command will be permitted to rust out at Pensacola. Left to their vices and lean rations, this collection of Southern "white trash" will be rapidly decimated.

While treason was rejoicing over the great victory at Charleston, and the rebel Cabinet were reveling in anticipations of the certain glory awaiting them, and vaporing about the easy conquest of Washington, Philadelphia and New York, the Government was quietly gathering its forces at Washington and along the borders. Scarcely had the echoes of the rebel laughter at Montgomery died away when the voice of a united loyal North was heard clamoring for the utter destruction of treason. How changed then was the tone of this blatant, insolent horde! Their bluster quieted down into a piteous whine against invasion, and a call upon the thieving brotherhood throughout the South to rally to the defense of their homes and families against the "Abolition vandals" from the North. Their dreams of glory vanish as soon as confronted with an earnest, powerful Government, sustained by Northern manhood.—O. S. Journal.

Skirmish with the Rebels—Ohio Troops Engaged.

WASHINGTON, June 18th.

Late last night General Scott received the following dispatch:
I left camp according to instructions, with the 1st Ohio regiment, 668 strong, and went on an expedition to Falls Church, to patrol the roads in that direction. I then proceeded to Vienna with four companies, Co. E. Capt. Paddock, Co. C. Lieut. Woodward, and afterwards joined by Capt. Pease, Co. G. Capt. Bailey, Co. H. Capt. Hazlett. Total 275 men.

On turning the curve, within a quarter of a mile of Vienna, were fired upon by raking masked batteries of, I think, 3 guns with shell, round shot, and grape, killing and wounding the men on the platforms and in the cars.

When the train stopped it could not, on account of some damage to some part of the running machinery draw the train out of the fire, the engine being in the rear. We left the cars and retired to the right and left of the train through the woods. Finding that the enemies' Batteries were sustained by what appeared to be a regiment of Infantry and Cavalry, which force we have since understood was 1,500 South Carolinians, we fell back along the Railroad throwing out skirmishers on both flanks.

This was about 7 P. M. Thus we retired slowly, bearing off our wounded for five miles, to this point, which we reached at ten o'clock. The following is the list of casualties: In Capt. Hazlett's Co. H. two known to be killed, three wounded, and five missing; in Capt. Bailey's Co. G. three killed, two wounded and two missing; in Capt. Paddock's Co. E. one officer slightly wounded; in Co. C. Capt. Pease, two missing.

The engineer, when the men left the cars, instead of returning slowly, as I ordered, detached his engine with one passenger car from the rest of the disabled train and abandoned us, returning to Alexandria, and we have heard nothing of him since. Thus we were deprived of a rallying point, and of all means of conveying the wounded, who had to be carried on litters and blankets. We wait here holding the road for reinforcements. The enemy did not pursue.

I have ascertained that the enemy's force at Fairfax Court House, four miles from Vienna, is now about 4000. When all the enemy's batteries opened upon us, Major Hughes was at his station on the foremost platform car. Col. McCook was with me in one of the passenger cars.

Both these officers with others of the commissioned officers, and many of the men behaved most coolly under this galling fire, which we could not return, and from batteries which we could not flank or turn from the nature of the ground.

The approach to Vienna is through a deep cut in the R. R. In leaving the cars, and before they could rally, many of my men lost their haversacks and blankets, but brought off all their muskets, except, it may be, a few that were destroyed by the enemy's first shot, or lost with the killed. [Signed.]

ROBT. C. SCHENCK, Brig. Gen.

A Bankrupt City.

New Orleans, as we learn from late New Orleans papers, is a bankrupt city. At a meeting of the Board of Aldermen, on the 15th inst., the Chairman of the Finance Committee stated to the Board, that "the city was dead broke, and that he could not see financial daylight." Another Alderman, of large property, resigned his seat, and the Finance Committee reported in favor of suspending all new works to relieve the finances of the city in that quarter. The Delta, commenting on the city's admitted bankruptcy, expresses another source of anxiety. A large number of taxpayers, it says, are, at the present time, "utterly destitute of the means necessary to pay taxes on their small property;" and should the time for payment not be extended, many will be compelled "to allow their homesteads to pass under the hammer of the sheriff."

The Delta alleges that the bankruptcy of the city, though "little over four months of this year have passed," is largely owing to expenditures in furthering the military movements set on foot since the secession of the State; but it is evident that the utter destruction of her credit and business, as the inevitable result of secession, is the real cause of the bankruptcy of the Crescent City, and the destitution to which a large portion of her people are now exposed.

PARSON BROWNLOW speaking of the rebels' chances of success, and of the Southern preachers saying that God is with them in their struggle for separation, gets off the following piece of plain talk:

True, our young men, and their parents, encouraged, by our practical Preachers, who never expect to do any fighting themselves, to believe that God is on our side—that our cause is just—and that we are bound to succeed!—We have been studying the character of God, for the last forty years past, and that too in the sacred Biography of his own writing, and we confess that we have not come up with any point in his character, or nature, which warrants the belief that he will identify himself with the Southern Confederacy in this conflict. This war has been brought about without adequate cause.

It has been inaugurated by men whose morals and piety, afford no evidence of their having had any intercourse with God or his word. And the spirit displayed, in every movement, thus far, forbids the idea of God pitching in on either side. We say this in no irreverent spirit, but with a view to advise the parties not to look for help from a quarter whence it is not likely to come. Fighting without any just cause, and upon their own hook, let them fall back upon their own resources!

Shooting Zouaves.

Last Wednesday week, or thereabouts, a squad of the scoundrels who have been lurking in the bush and shooting in the back United States pickets, &c., in Fairfax Co. rode at full gallop into the village of Fairfax Court House, and proclaimed that they had just shot "one of them d—d Zouaves near Cloud's Mill; and that they left him writhing like a shot cat in the agonies of death." Soon afterwards a servant rode into the village for a doctor to visit Mr. Mortimer, a well-known Secessionist, who, while in his own yard, near Cloud's Mill, had just been shot by some cowardly miscreants. Mortimer, it seems, wore a red shirt on that evening. The servant's story soon changed the tune of the mirth of the murderers.—[Washington Star.]

Secessionist Hung.

LANE, Ogle county, Ill., June 19.

T. D. Burke, a rabid secessionist, was hung to-day by the citizens from the third story of the Court House building.—He was charged with causing the destructive fire here on the 7th of this month, and in December last. His guilt was fairly established. It was also proven that he had planned the burning of all the principal business part of the city.

The Louisville Democrat says Gov. Magoffin feels himself in a tight place. Is it anything new for his Excellency to feel tight?

Arrested for Treason.

Mr. John A. Skiff, a Commission Merchant of Cincinnati, formerly of Windham, Portage County, was arrested a few days since, at the former place, charged with treason. Of his examination before the court, the Cleveland Herald thus speaks:

The examination of John A. Skiff, Cincinnati, before U. S. Commissioner Halliday, for alleged shipment of contraband goods, destined to ports in the seceded States, resulted in his committal to answer a charge of treason before the U. S. District Court which sits in September next. The testimony elicited in the examination showed that Skiff has been driving quite an extensive business in contraband goods with secessionists in Memphis and New Orleans. His letter book and correspondence were seized, and appeared as swift witnesses of his treasonable transactions. It would seem that some of the rebels are mean enough to cheat their confederates in the North, for in a letter from Skiff to E. B. Bartlett, of Memphis, he expresses considerable indignation that he should "withhold funds in his hands from a citizen of Kentucky;" and adds: "Did you get the hams and butter I sent you?" Bartlett replies that he did get the butter and hams, but he won't pay his indebtedness for the present, at any rate. So there is not always honor among thieves.

Skiff exhibited much agitation when arrested on the levee, where he was shipping his greasy ale, and requested permission to return to his store, which was refused. An effort will be made to release the prisoner on *habeas corpus*.

Further Details of the Battle at Vienna.—Names of Ohio Troops Killed and Wounded.

WASHINGTON, June 18.

The Ohio Regiment, which was attacked at Vienna, was on a train for the protection of telegraph corps, engaged in erecting telegraph line, and all were unaware of the masked batteries which were planted in the woods and surrounding hills. The batteries are still there, but it is understood an attempt to take them will be made during the day.

Eight of the Ohio soldiers, who were shot by the rebels, have since died. Six expired last night and two this morning. No blame attached to Gen. Schenck, the commander of the Federal troops, for it is stated that he acted under the positive orders of Gen. McDowell.

The names of the killed at Vienna are: Co. G.—John Barnes; of Waverly, Ohio, Daniel Sullivan, Phillip Strode, Thomas Fenton, Jos. Smith, Eugene Burk; Co. H.—T. Mercer and Geo. Morrison.

The wounded are: Co. G.—Volmer, fatally; David Gates, hand shot off;—Lanmon, badly wounded; Co. H.—Henry Pigman, badly.

The attack commenced shortly before 7 P. M. The late hour accounts for the failure of the enemy to pursue; doubtless expecting a strong Federal force near.

Gen. Schenck, with sword drawn, boldly threw himself between the batteries and his men, giving his orders in a cool and deliberate manner, and telling the boys that Ohio expected them to do their duty.

If the train had advanced 100 yards farther the loss of life would have been terrible, and the entire expedition made prisoners by the enemy.

When the 2nd Ohio Regiment received marching orders this morning, every inmate of the hospital left the sick bed and joined the ranks. The encampment at Falls Church was immediately placed in telegraphic communication with headquarters. Movements on both sides indicate that the scene of active operations is to be shifted to this vicinity.

It is untrue that no previous reconnaissance had been made where the fight took place at Vienna. The same train had not only proceeded some 3 or 4 miles beyond the scene of the conflict some days before, but our scouts had been over the very ground on which the batteries were erected. The battery consisted of six pounders, which fired seven rounds. The first being the most destructive, scattering round shot and grape into the passenger and platform cars, which contained four companies of the 1st Ohio Regiment. The battery was on a hill, almost perpendicularly over the track, and it would have been folly to attempt to take aim. The troops were therefore compelled to make a hasty retreat.

Steamer Burned.

The propeller, Cataract, was burned on Lake Erie, near the city of Erie, on the 16th inst. Four persons were drowned. Part of the cargo was saved in a damaged condition.

[From this week's Vanity Fair.]

Warlike Wit.

MAL. GRAY EUL.—The papers report another seizure of Gray uniforms, intended for the rebel troops. Those fellows, like cows at this season, seem to have run largely to Grass, and our opinion is that they will soon go to Grass.

HERE THEY LIE.—Jeff. Davis and his Vice, Stephens, are very great leaders, no doubt, but we do think that Toombs ought to be put over them.

BOUND TO RUN.—"Government is a machine."—"Talleyrand."

WON'T THAT SUIT OUR FIREMEN ZOUAVES TO A DOT?

UNEXPECTED ADVANCE IN SOUTHERN GRAIN.—The advance of our troops into the Virginia corn-fields.

NOT SO BAD.—The ladies have adopted a red, white and blue hoop, which is called the war-hoop.

A GOOD PLACE FOR THE BLACKS TO EMIGRATE.—Colorado.

THE SOLDIER'S PILLOW.—His nap-sack. PUT THAT IN YOUR PIPE, JEFF.—If giving comfort to an enemy is treason, let Jeff. Davis hang all his tobacco planters. Just see what a lot of Solace they have furnished to the North!

THE ONLY WAY THE REBELS CAN TAKE WASHINGTON.—"Over the left."

A JOKE FROM OHIO.—If a part of the Union should be found wanting, it is a satisfaction to know that we have Ben Wade in the balance.

MOTTO FOR A FARO BANK.—"A good workman is known by the number of his chips."

THE BIGGEST MILITARY THING DOWN SOUTH.—Cotton drilling.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION D'ARGENT.—"In what Point should you say Virginia was likely to suffer most?" asked the Landlady.

"Well," replied X, "I should say the Point of Rocks!"

MOTHER GOOSE TO BEAUREGARD. Little Boy Beauregard, blow your horn,
Our ships hold your cotton, our meadows your corn;
Where is the cash you bold rebels to pay?
Safe in our Bank-vaults piled away!

NEW REFRAIN OF A SLAVE SONG.
For we're a band of niggers,
For we're a band of niggers,
A contraband lot of niggers,
And we can't go to the war.

St. Louis, June 17.

As part of Col. Kallman's regiment of the reserve corps were returning from the North Missouri Railroad about 11 o'clock this morning, when opposite the Recorder's Court room, Seventh street, between Olive and Locust, a company near rear of the column suddenly wheeled and discharged their rifles, aiming chiefly at the windows of the recorder's court, and second story of adjoining house, killing four citizens and mortally wounding two, and slightly injuring one. Statements regarding the cause of firing are very conflicting, one being that a pistol shot fired from a window of a house, on corner of Seventh and Locust, and took effect in the shoulder of one of the Captains, when he gave the word to fire; another that one of the soldiers accidentally discharged his rifle in the ranks, at which the whole company became frightened, and discharged a full volley on the crowd on sidewalk and windows of the house.

Chicago, June 18.

The correspondence of the Leavenworth Conservative, writing from Kansas City on Friday, says that yesterday two companies of cavalry and one of dragoons, were sent to reconnoitre towards Independence. They went within two and a half miles of that place, when they came upon a body of secessionists, numbering from one to two thousand. The officers of the regular force were holding parley when the rebels fired upon the troops, wounding one man. Another soldier had his shoulder crushed in the retreat.

The express which arrived from Independence at Kansas City, at ten o'clock Friday morning, announces that Capt. Hollins, chief of the rebel force, was killed by his own men accidentally, together with fourteen men, in the fire on the troops yesterday. It seems that while the officers of the regulars were holding parley with the rebels, the latter attempted to outflank them, but did not succeed. The regulars retired in good order. The rebels had 7 pieces of cannon in the fight and fired a few rounds. But one shot was fired by the regular troops, as they did not get prepared to fight so large a body.

Wheeler's Water Drawer.

It was awarded, over all competition, the first premium at our State Fair—an honor well merited.—O. S. Journal.

Wheeler's Water Drawer Sold by H. H. Bannum, Warren, Ohio.